

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen"—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXVIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 10 1906

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LONDON SATURDAY, MAR. 10, 1906.

### FATHER MATTHEW'S BANNER.

No criticism should intimidate the men who believe that temperance must be of decided value, assume the form of an organization. They may be ridiculed and scoffed at, but this is as nothing to the Catholic who knows that every effort for sobriety, by personal example, by encouraging young and old to stand in serried phalanx, is commended by every right-thinking citizen. They neither arraign the motives of those who do not harmonize with them, nor do they think that temperance is the only virtue. But they have an idea that work prompted and sustained by the love of God, for the sake of their brethren, must yield an abundant harvest. It is a work, moreover, that has been blessed time and again by the church. In a letter of Pope Leo XIII, 27th March, 1887, to Archbishop Ireland, we read the words:

"And above all we have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal, by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the destructive vice of intemperance. For it is well known how ruinous, how deplorable is the injury, both to faith and morals, that is to be feared from intemperance in drink. . . . Hence we esteem worthy of commendation the noble resolve of these pious associations by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink."

This movement cannot merit at this stage of the world's history anything but encouragement and praise. For the present we content ourselves with saying that it aims to remove from the Church the disfigurements that are unworthy of it: in a word, to foster and develop temperance societies in every parish.

What if the generous laymen are misunderstood! Veronica did not mind the jeers of the crowd as she ministered to the Lord. Love found the way, and that was enough. And Christ urges us to wipe away the revilements that mar the beauty of His mystical body, the church. Our priests and bishops are with the laymen in this movement to direct them. Every parent is on their side. Every good woman prays for them. Every lover of Canada who hearkens to our judges and others warning us that the use of drinking drinks is growing apace, and undermining our vitality, and filling our prisons must uphold them. God is with them; and if God be with them who is against them.

### TOLERATION HERE AND ABROAD.

Our Orange friends are prone to ascribe to themselves certain things which are not visible to the unlooker. For instance, they pride themselves on their spirit of tolerance, which, however, to our mind, does not, when it exists, spring from Christian charity, but from expediency. So long as we see eye to eye with them they are prodigal of amity; when, because of principles, we run counter to them, we are denounced and rated as enemies of Canada, because, forsooth, compliance with their wishes makes for Canada's woe. This is a delusion, harmless enough when confined to the lodge room and tiresome only when it invades the public prints and is mouthed on public platforms. We cannot see much danger in it because the most of our citizens are immature to it. But it thrives in a few sections of Ontario, and there men talk in a language tinged with hatred and woven of charges that are discredited and dead. So they talk still in Ulster, the abiding place of religious intolerance. Mr. T. A. Russell, M. P., says in the Manchester Guardian, apropos to the recent election, that "These of us who fought in Ulster stepped right into a boiling caldron of Home Rule and no Popery. Congregations were split in two by Orange intimidation. Farmers who desired not to vote for one were told that if they voted, there would be Home Rule in five years, that the Bible would be done away with, and that the hated Papists would rule them and the country."

Mr. Russell weathered the storm because of two factors—"the magnificent loyalty of the Nationalist party, who voted for me as they never did for a man of their own polling, 98 per cent. of their total, and the downright heroism of some 600 Presbyterian stalwarts who stood four-square to the hurricane." In Canada we have also our stalwarts—the broad-minded and justice loving non-Catholics who do notice all discrimination in civil and political matters, on the lines of religion, as an Canadian.

### OWLS, "BOILED" AND OTHERWISE.

On our rounds the other day we heard the following remark: "So and so looked like a 'boiled owl' this morning." Never having seen a "boiled owl," we could not picture to ourselves the gentleman referred to. To look like an owl is bad enough, but to look like a boiled owl must be grotesque—pardon us—"to the limit." But, eager to be enlightened on the point, we questioned a friend who knows the town, the rounders thereof and their argot. He explained, that it was a very comprehensive term. There are "owls" of different kinds, not necessarily known to ornithologists. It may be a man about town ever ready to respond to an invitation to "have something"—a tank with a great capacity for "high balls" and a "hobnail liver," we suppose—a youth, a maid or matron whose ideas run to clothes, or an elderly gentleman, whose sense of his own importance is over-developed.

"Boiled owl" may mean an individual who does not get up with the sun. He may be up at that time, but in no condition to write an ode to the orb of day, and he may not. In the latter case he leaves his couch during the day, and on account of bleary eyes and ruffled plumage is called a "boiled owl." The term is also applied to one who lingers long over the card-table, and then he may be as our friend remarked, "done" as well as "boiled." To our assertion that there was little card-playing—that is, for money—in our sedate city, he replied with a look of surprise and a query as to where we had been living. "We don't call it card-playing," he went on, "just poker," and there is a sundry game now and then. So when a few individuals enter a hotel room, or any other kind of a room, on Saturday night for instance, there are, as a rule, a few "boiled owls" on exhibition Sunday morning. But not for long. Poker is fascinating, and when played by men who know their business, with their "juniors" or the ruralite who has the glamour of the city on the brain, is remunerative, and having said this our friend laughed. He is bald, too, and should be serious. We also inferred from his remarks that on any morning there are "boiled owls," and to spare for any kind of an aviary.

### CARD-PLAYING.

Writing some years ago to the Temple Magazine, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone said:

"My engagements forbid me to enter upon the very important subject of which you propose to treat. But, in my opinion, there can be no words too strong for denouncing suitably the practice of gambling—now, I believe, more rife even than during my youth—and the ruinous consequences to which it directly leads."

We are reminded by moralists that by itself gambling cannot be banned unless undue advantage be taken, by one or more of the players, of the ignorance of the others. If a man stakes in moderation what is entirely his own, and does not use fraud of any kind, and does not allow it to encroach unduly on his time, he cannot be condemned as a general rule. But what may be moderate in the case of one man may be excess in another. The game, taken up at first as means of recreation, may degenerate into an abuse of it. The little party at the club or the hall may lead a man to risk money which belongs to his wife and children, and which is not his to lose. The employee who spends his nights at the gaming table squanders time which should be devoted to his physical upbuilding, so that he shall give honest service to his employer. This kind of employee has his face toward the land of Failure. He cannot stand the strain for which energy, fidelity, alertness, quickness to make and grasp an opportunity, are requisite; and if to the feverishness of gaining he adds whiskey, his obituary notice—so far as success is concerned—may well be written.

The young man who regards the card table as a shortcut to wealth is on the road to deterioration. Win or lose, he cannot escape the moral blight which falls on the gambler. For some, any indulgence in cards may be a proximate occasion of sin. Our advice is to lock upon gambling as something to be avoided. If in doubt, state your case, with all its attendant circumstances, to your confessor, and let him decide. And if we heed him, card playing will not be among our means of making money.

### THE CHURCH YELL.

When the Methodists began their work in the United States they had every opportunity to test the inherent strength and vitality of their belief. They had a free field, freedom to act, and preachers who were in earnest and adepts in fervid declamation. Its revivals, with their extraordinary shoutings and gyrations, impressed the pioneer. But passing over the charge that Methodism, in attempting to rest Christ's historic religion in the imagination, and that the first test of religious truths is to be found in the moods and sensations of the soul, has contributed more than other sects to undermine faith in Protestantism, we do not think that Methodists in general look kindly upon the sensational methods of some preachers in the United States. It must shock a great many of them to see politics, literature—anything that may serve as a bait to the curious, listed as subjects of Sunday discourses. Sensationalism, however, has advanced another step. It has created the "church yell."

"Who, Who, Who are we?"  
"We're the Methodists of Salt Lake City"  
"Are we Mormons?"  
"No sir ee"  
"Methodist."

Says Rev. Dr. Barry in Carlyle's "Heralds of Revolt," (page 100):  
"It was a frequent saying of his that the saints were the best men he knew: that a peasant saint would be of more consequence in Europe to day than all its fleets and armies; and that the divinest symbol was still the 'peasant of Galilee' by whom had been bequeathed to us the Religion of Sorrow. Carlyle dwelt far from the Catholic church. When its accents smote upon his ear in the Cathedral of Bruges, he could but mutter that it was 'Grand idolatrous music.' Yet he confessed to Mr. Froese that the Mass was the only genuine relic of religious worship left among us. A suggestive word of serving of our deepest meditation."

A word to those who are devising plans for their conversion. "One ounce of love," says Wesley, "is worth a pound of knowledge." "We ought, without this endless jangling about opinions, provoke one another to love and good works."

If surprised at their meagre success among us, the following words of Wesley may be instructive. "What wonder is it," he said, "that we have so many converts to Popery and so few to Protestantism, when the former are sure to want nothing and the latter almost to starve?" (Wesley's Works, Vol. iv, page 222)

### CRIMINALS ASSUME IRISH NAMES.

A COMMON PRACTICE BEING INVESTIGATED BY IRISH SOCIETIES OF NEW YORK.  
(New York World.)  
The revelation of the practice of prisoners accused of crime adopting Irish names, as in the case of "Paul Kelly," whose real name is Acazio, led the United Irish Societies of this city to an investigation of the frequent appearance of honored old Irish names on the Criminal Court records.  
The investigation developed the fact that the United Irish Societies' committee—that notwithstanding the enormous Irish population of the city, criminals of that nationality rank fifth in the number of persons convicted of felonies in the Court of General Sessions and the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court during the years 1904 and 1905. And this despite the great number of criminals of other nationalities who, from motives known only to themselves, gave Irish names.  
There were convicted of felonies in the courts above mentioned during the two years specified 3,246 persons of both sexes who gave their place of nativity as the United States, 315 Italians, 344 Russians—or persons born in Russia, 310 Germans, 192 Irish, 125 Austrians—or persons born in Austria, and 122 born in England. Roumanians furnished 30, Scotland 28, Sweden 24, France 23, Greece 10, Spain 4, and other countries 150. Negroes are included in the United States total.  
The United Irish Societies organization is composed of representatives of the various Irish societies of the city. It was formed to further the work of helping the residents of New York of Irish nativity or descent to suppress abuses and misrepresentations that might tend to bring contempt or derision upon the race.  
The United Irish Societies have gathered many figures to refute the assertion that the Irish people furnish any considerable proportion of persons guilty of felonies. But the men engaged in the work found that the court records were misleading, because of a growing custom on the east side among young Italians and other nationalities of giving Irish names when put under arrest.  
Tough youths are likely to give Irish names when they get into trouble, even in the face of the fact that their accent betrays their statement.  
At the time of the murder in the Paul Kelly case recently, the discovery was made that nearly all the tough young Italians who compose the "Paul Kelly," the "Five Points," the "Monk

Eastman," and other gangs masqueraded under Irish names. This, it was found was also true in Harlem and the Tenderloin. Dozens of pickpockets, thieves, crooked gamblers, shoplifters and disreputable women with unpronounceable names have taken on easier of enunciation Irish aliases.  
Facts picked up here and there induced the United Irish Societies to go into the question of the adoption of Irish names by criminals of other nationalities. Major Charles J. Crowley, Secretary of the Tenement House Department, was appointed chairman. The committee was instructed to formulate, if possible, some plan that will prove effectual in stopping the practice of stuffing the criminal court records with Irish names. A plan is now under consideration.

In the course of his investigation Major Crowley had occasion to visit the Tombs. Warden Flynn lent his assistance, and inside of an hour they found half a dozen inmates of the prison appearing on the records who pronounced Irish names who were accented and had made Dave Warfield turn green with envy.  
Warden Flynn was particularly incensed at the cases of "Patrick Flynn" and "Michael Hennessy," two pickpockets, or "gon fls," as they are known in the ghetto. The haste with which "Patrick Flynn" and "Michael Hennessy" sent for their lawyer to change their names broke all Tombs records.

### THE UNCHANGEABLE CHURCH.

So rapid is the march of events in our day that many of the political prophecies made by Mr. Vance Thompson in his "Diplomatic Mysteries," published only a year or two ago, have already been fulfilled. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in that remarkable book deals with France and the Vatican. The abolition of the Concordat was an easy prophecy. "It needs no prophet in politics," wrote Mr. Thompson, "to predict that, ultimately, this marriage between church and state will be broken." As to the ultimate results of the rupture, our author is of opinion that if another Napoleon does not rise, to subdue the anti clericals as the Corsican put down the savage Jacobins, the French nation is likely to perish. But the church is sure to endure. "Pius X's belief in the ultimate triumph of the church of which he is the head on earth is apostolic." The downfall of the Papacy has been foretold innumerable times, yet in the end it always triumphs. Rulers appear and disappear, nations rise and fall—all changes save the unchanging church. Mr. Thompson's views are set forth in the concluding portion of the chapter to which we have referred:

"Oh, the wise old man with whom I paced the Place of Spain in Rome, a few months ago, talking of these things. He had seen governments come and go; he had played his part in the wreck of kingdoms and empires; he had no illusions. Living in the shadow of the Vatican, he knew many things.  
"The great nations of Europe," he said, "are all exclusively schismatic. Only the secondary nations are Roman Catholic. Yet everywhere the schismatic emperors and kings have comprehended the necessity of Papal authority which alone prevents their thrones from being washed away in the tides of democracy. They are the real allies of the Pope. If they must choose between Rome and Paris, which, think you, will they cast aside? France has no friend that ring her round, there is not one which does not hate this eternal friend of revolt,—this eternal protest against thrones and seated power. In the destruction of France, in the partition of her lands, they would find safety for themselves and would pay their debt to Rome."  
"This, too, may be in the troubled horizon of that unchangeable country. Such a possibility irritates the public mind, so long has that dark monument of power stood there, dominating the struggling nations. One after another the centuries have come, beating at the door of the Vatican; and the Roman Church in the frail form of some old man has come forth.  
"What do you want?"  
"Change!"  
"I do not change."  
"But everything else in the wide world has changed,—astronomy has changed, chemistry has changed, philosophy has changed, and empire has changed."  
"I do not change."  
"Against this immobility political forces break themselves in vain. Others have ridden out before Jaaros and his cohorts of Socialists; stronger armies than the one led by Combes and have charged against it: the immobile remains. You who read and I who write shall witness this new struggle, which is so immemorably old; but the end we shall not see."—Ave Maria.

### Gallinger's Son a Convert.

Senator Gallinger, representing the state of New Hampshire in Congress, is a devout Congregationalist. The Senator is a Canadian and has shown bigoted tendencies in the upper house. One son, brought up strictly in the parents' faith, and much inclined to religion, began, some time back, attending the Catholic services at Falls Church, Va., a suburban town near Washington, D. C., where the young man resides. Little by little his first attraction grew stronger upon him. Inquire, good reading, honest quest of the truth, finally result in his being received into the church by the pastor, Rev. Edward Tearney.

### LYING SPIRITS.

It is good to see even a small revolt begun publicly among non-Catholics against the dangerous foolery of attempted communication with the spirits of the departed. To Catholics of course, all dabbling in Spiritism and allied superstition is strictly forbidden. We need no demonstration of the survival of human personality after death. Reason demands it. Faith reveals the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. Our Divine Redeemer died that we might live, and came back triumphant over death that we might know the certainty and something of the beauty and glory of the life awaiting His faithful servants after the days of their probation. So we are at peace, nor moved to neglect the business of the life that now is in vain attempts to pierce the veil which God has wisely drawn between us and the life to come.

Can spirits, and especially the souls of the dead communicate with mortals? Certainly, if the Lord of life and death so pleases. Have they ever thus communicated? Beyond a doubt. Besides the instances given in Divine Revelation and accepted by all who honestly claim the Christian name, there are in the night two thousand years of Christian history cases of communications to mortals from angels and from the spirits of the faithful departed, that rest on as solid foundations as any facts of profane history, and whose beneficent influence prove that they answered to the test. "Try the spirits that they be of God."

But these communications have not been sought in defiance of God's law, nor made through fleshy mediums, nor conditioned to the midnight hour, nor dim lights, nor slow music, nor have they been vouchsafed for light cause. They have been simple and convincing, in every case confirming the Divine Revelation, and impressing upon mortals the gravity of the transition, which we call death, from this world to life everlasting.

The contrary is true of the manifest signs of Spiritism, and it is the general triviality and inconsequence, and the frequent absolute untruthfulness of the messages received from the "spirits," which at last starts the revolt against the perilous humbug.  
The late Dr. Richard Hodgson, residing for nearly twenty years past in Boston as the President of the Society for Psychical Research, promised before his death that he would, if possible, communicate afterwards with the world to prove that he had survived the change. As might have been expected, several persons were heard from within a few weeks with messages from the departed. One of these, from a printer in Detroit, was a mass of abject foolishness; another, alleged to be from Dr. Hodgson to Dr. Funk, of the firm of Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, of New York, embodies a grave mistake in a well known fact; still another, claiming to be from the spirit of Mabel Page, asserts the innocence of her convicted murderer Tucker, but helps his case no further than by the vague allegation that the murder was committed by a woman!

The Rev. J. V. F. Grubbine, of the "Universal religion," and the Rev. J. P. Bland, the one in Faelten Hall and the other in Paine Memorial, Boston, came out last Sunday in the severest condemnation of the humbuggery of Spiritism. The former said:  
"I have found that spirits can lie. They can personally enter into a conspiracy with mortals and can falsify their facts."  
This fact has been adequately proven by intelligent non-Catholic investigators of Spiritist phenomena, who have found that what was not more than human imposture in Spiritism was the work of intelligence which delight in impersonation and deceit. Catholics would express it as the work of the devil, who failing to convince his poor dupes that death ends all, changes his tactics and minimizes man's personal accountability after death and the certainty of justice and reward and punishment. For a full treatment of this question we refer our readers to "Modern Spiritism: A Critical Examination of its Phenomena, Character and Teachings in the Light of the Known Facts," by J. L. Goitrey Raupert, Company of London, and B. Herder of St. Louis, and is made up largely of the testimony of former Spiritists.

Dr. Bland said, in the course of his vigorous denunciation of Spiritism:  
"Spiritism today is literally snowed under by frauds, freaks, fakirs and mountebanks. Most of the mediums in Boston are fakirs. They take when they cannot get a message, and they have told me they do."  
He waxed prophetic in his characterization of the manner of fools these devotees bid fair to be.  
Yet, while rejoicing that any voice on the side of the church is lifted against these unholy frauds, can we expect that it will be largely influential? Paradoxical though it may seem, it is always true that the prevalence of skepticism implies also the prevalence of superstition.

Dr. Lyman Abbot, of New York speaking last Sunday in the Authority of Religion, declared that the time is past, in Protestant churches at least, when the preacher or the Bible can carry conviction to the people. Protestant leaders naturally fail to see that this state of affairs is but the logical consequence of private judgment, the primal principle of Protestantism. While a massing of utilitarian reasons, such as the money lost, the homes broken up, and thousands of men and women in retreats for the insane as a consequence of attempted

intercourse with spirits may do something to check the malis, we cannot reckon on a general abandonment of these wicked and dangerous practices until men are ready to listen to that Voice which alone speaks to them as the Lord Himself spoke amid the thunders of Sinai.—Boston Pilot.

### LIVES AMONG LEPERS.

"All my life I have sought the place that I had the most misery; all my life I have sought the places where I might do the most good, even as I am now seeking them."  
These were the words with which Rev. L. L. Conrady, who has consecrated his life to the greatest sacrifice known to man—the life of a missionary among the leper colonies of Canton, China. From this hideous living death there is no escape; there is no release. He is now in New York City on his way to Canton. It was Father Conrady who went to the relief of Father Damien, who laid down his life in the colony of Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands. It was here that he first became aware of the awful conditions that exist in China to day.

In 1880 Father Conrady was in this country and heard Father Damien was dying in Molokai. Without taking time to pack, Father Conrady started to his side, arriving in time to make easy the last moments of the heroic priest. Then he took up the work and continued it for seven years. It seemed as though the faith for which he was working was watching, for in this time he never caught the dread disease. The colony of 1,200 souls prospered, and it soon came about that they were as well cared for and housed as decently as any on the island. Then Father Conrady heard of the leper colony in China. He went to Canton. There were 40,000 stricken with the white disease in and around Canton alone and their condition was frightful.

These conditions prevail today. In speaking of them Father Conrady painted a graphic picture of the misery of which the human being is capable.  
"The lepers in the neighborhood of Canton," said he, "are in the most helpless condition. They drag themselves around the streets and die literally in the gutters. Nobody cares how they die, as long as they do die. There is no sentiment of pity or charity in the Oriental breast. I saw enough to determine me in my future. I returned to the United States and took a course in medicine. Then I began a crusade to get money enough to accomplish some good among the poor wretches back in the little streets of Canton and her environs."

### Rev. Father Sinnett.

The Rev. Father Sinnett has been sent to organize a new parish in the diocese of Right Rev. Bishop Pascal. Father Sinnett has founded a large and flourishing colony in the diocese of Saskatchewan, more than four hundred families having taken up homesteads together. As in the past so in the future, those wishing homesteads may apply to him. His address is Muenster, Sask.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

In a prize essay competition open to the pupils of public and parochial schools in and around Buffalo it is a matter of note that the twelving prize winners, in which there were 6,000 contestants, were pupils of the Catholic schools.

For his recent work in defense of the Sacred Scriptures against the notions of Higher Criticism, Father Schifflini, S. J., has been warmly praised by Pope Pius X.  
The spectacle of a colored boy being carried in triumph on the shoulders of admiring white students, being the central figure of a noteworthy demonstration in which the hundreds of members of the Wisconsin University took part, was presented recently when Eugene J. Marshall, the winner of the recent Hamilton oratorical contest in Chicago, was welcomed home from his victory. Mr. Marshall, who is a Catholic, is one of the ablest young men in the University. He won high honors at the University of Michigan before going to Wisconsin.

A bill that should be of much interest to all Catholic Americans is that which has been introduced in the United States Senate, and which provides for the erection in Washington of a monument to the memory of Christopher Columbus. The bill states that for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act, a commission, consisting of several members, including the Supreme Knight of the order of the Knights of Columbus, shall be created, with full authority to select a site and a suitable design, and to contract for and superintend the construction of said monument.

Right Rev. Dr. Stanley, son of the second Baron Stanley, of Aderly, and Auxiliary Bishop to the late Cardinal Vaughan, has left London for Rome, where he will permanently take up his residence. Bishop Stanley, himself a convert, has made many converts, and the following apropos story will be read with interest. Shortly after his reception into the church he received a visit from a young man who had known him in his Anglican days, and who called to point out to him his "folly" in joining the Catholic church. Father Stanley listened to what his visitor, who was a deep thinker on religious subjects, had to say, and then handed him a copy of "Catholic Belief," which he asked him to read. A short time afterward the Bishop's would-be convert was received into the church.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER XXV.

September was come. At the river edge Indian women were lading their canoes with peltries that had come in too late to be sent to Montreal earlier, and making other preparations for a voyage down the lakes.

A convoy was to depart that day for Fort Frontenac and the St. Lawrence, with some score of voyageurs, who were being engaged to conduct a new party to Le Detroit after the winter, when the breaking up of the ice should again leave the way navigable.

Returning colonists, happily, there were none. The only passenger was to be Robert de Beauséant, who had come as an escort of Madame Cadillac and the other ladies.

"You are resolved to go, Robert," I asked regretfully, as I walked with him upon the prairie that lies between the palisade of Fort Pontchartrain and the woods. "Since Monsieur de Cadillac has made you a grant of land, and fortune is like to offer a man better chances in a new country than in a town, where many are pushing and elbowing for preferment, why not decide to remain, even at the eleventh hour?"

De Beauséant shook his head. "No, I must go," he replied. "Doubtless you surmise why I so readily accepted the responsibility of escort to the ladies in their journey hither. I indeed esteemed it an honor to be chosen for the duty by Madame Cadillac.

"Ah, Normand, your sister Therese is a noble woman! Often did I admire her fortitude during that voyage of over three hundred leagues in an open canoe, with Indians and rough voyagers; for notwithstanding that we wintered at Fort Frontenac, the spring travelling was most difficult, because of the winds and rains. Never shall I forget her answer to the dames of Quebec who came down to the Esplanade to bid her adieu when we set out.

"Turn back," they pleaded, "this arduous voyage might be braved if you were going to a pleasant country, where you would have the comforts of life and good company; but why should you go into a wilderness where you will be like to die of hunger?"

Madame Cadillac only laughed at their lamentations and answered with spirit: "Do not waste your pity upon me, my dear friends. I am more than content, I am anxious to go. A woman who loves her husband as she should, has no stronger attraction than his company, wherever he may be. Everything else should be a matter of indifference to her."

"Ah, Normand, it is the love of such a wife that inspires a man to great deeds. I do not wonder Monsieur de Cadillac finds his courage sustained through many ordeals. Nevertheless, glad as I was to render service to my noble cousin Therese, it was because of the fair Chateleine of Chateauguay I came to Le Detroit.

"You know well, I have long loved her. When she was but a young demoiselle, I asked her for her hand in marriage; but so distressed was she, so sweetly confused at having to give me pain by saying no, that I saw her heart was no longer her own to give. At first indeed, I thought it belonged to you, Normand, but I speedily discovered my mistake. For soon she wedded the Sieur de Chateauguay."

"All the world knows how she mourned the death of the noble young bridegroom called by a soldier's duty so cruelly from her side. Yet youth does not grieve forever. And when I heard she was bent upon continuing her life of seclusion by withdrawing into the wilderness with Madame Therese, I determined to come also, thinking I might give her aid and protection during the journey, and hoping the steadfastness of my affection might make an impression upon her in the end. I meant to be patient, to bide my time, and perhaps take up the grant of land that Monsieur de Cadillac so kindly bestowed upon me. It was impossible, however, for me to see and speak with her often and yet keep the same resolution."

"One day I went to the manor-house. Madame Cadillac was absent upon some errand of charity or kindness at the Huron village, but in the little salon I found Barbe. She was solitary, and her pretty eyes were dimmed by tears.

"Impetuously I told her again of my love; I begged her to marry me, and vowed I would do everything in my power to make her happy."

"But, no," she said to me gently, "it could not be. She thanked me, with an appreciation that was almost tender, for my devotion, yet added with firmness, I must put the thought of her out of my mind, she could never be my wife; and this answer she begged me to take as final and forget her."

"Still I protested, I must needs remember; whereat she prayed me to forgive her then for whatever disquietude she had unwittingly caused me, and to be as ever her good friend."

"What is there but for me to accept her decision? After what has passed, my presence here would only be an annoyance to her; and besides I could not stay, and be so near yet so apart from her."

"Much was I moved by this unexpected confession from De Beauséant. When he ceased to speak, I laid a hand upon his shoulder in cordial affection, and said with warmth:

"Yours was a noble devotion, my friend; but, thank Heaven! life holds other interests than those of making love. And were it not so, I have heard from Madame Cadillac that never did Quebec boast a fairer boy of young demoiselles than are the maids who finished their studies at the Ursulines last year."

"I would there were no demoiselles or dames in the world!" interrupted Robert, passionately.

"That day he left us, and I remember still his hearty hand-clasp as he bade

me adieu. It was long ere we met again; but I may as well set down here that the spring after he said farewell to Le Detroit, he was married at Montreal to Elizabeth Brunet; the same who, as a little girl, so bravely entered the privations and perils of her flight with Madame Cadillac from Acadia. And I presume this blithe Elizabeth consoled him for his willow disappointment, for I have heard they lived most happily together. I understand, also, that two of his sons, Hyacinthe and Pierre, afterwards took up their residence at the strait upon the lands Sieur Cadillac had granted to him.

Of the homage which Miladi Barbe received from the officers of Fort Pontchartrain there was, besides myself, another witness, to whom the beauty of the young chateleine brought an unquiet heart.

Over all the region of Le Detroit was the glory of autumn. The tall trees about the fort minded me of the spirit of departed Indian warriors of heroic mould, arrayed in their blankets of scarlet and decked in gold color, amber and vermilion. Already the savages were preparing to withdraw farther into the forest for the hunting.

At the manor Therese was busied daily in superintending the conserving of wild grapes, pears, plums, and quinces into sweetmeats for winter use, and the needle of Miladi Barbe flew swiftly, as she helped to fashion the garments of bright-hued chitzi cloth which the ladies were accustomed to give as presents to the women of the Indian villages.

Barbe, with a shrinking from the dark faces of the savages, induced by the tragedy of her infancy, would never consent to visit these villages. Yet, with charity that, considering her antipathy partook of the heroic, she held, three times a week, in the outer kitchen of the manor house, a class in sewing for young Indian girls; and on Sunday taught the prayers of the church to the little red-skinned children, who loved her and named her, after their beneficent wood spirit, "la Dame Blanche" (the White Lady), because of the exquisite fairness of her complexion.

And she grew fond of them too. I know, and forgot the duskiness of their skins. For with Barbe all childhood was beautiful; and ever to this day, even in the most wretched and unlovely wail, she sees, I think the image of the little Christ, as often when I behold her soothing some little one, she seems to me a picture of the sweet Madonna.

Of the girls who came to her for instruction in needlework there was one, a slight, fawn-like maiden, handsome, as the Indians esteem beauty; at least her eyes were flashing, her black hair glossy and luxuriant, and her teeth as white as white wampum shells. She earnestly sought toward the task was this girl, that in teaching her the gentle chateleine took more care than with any of the others. Fawnelle, did I call her? Rather I should say, mayhap, she was graceful and pleasing as the sparrow-hawk, so admired for its bronze tinted plumage and the haunting beauty of its crest of scarlet and blue and its red-tipped wings. Like the sparrow hawk, too, Bright Bird she was named, or Ishkodah.

It was remembered afterwards, that whenever Barbe took up the rude handiwork of Ishkodah, to show her the better way to set a stitch or turn a seam, she was sure to sharply prick her finger; and more than once the beauty of Miladi's white hands was marred by a long angry scratch from the needle of the Indian.

If Barbe suspected that these trivial happenings had their origin in the pettiness of feminine malice rather than accident, she said nothing on the score to any one. Very sure am I that she did not for a moment dream of the cause, much less the extent, of the maiden's animosity to her.

One evening I had chatted long with Freze Constantin over our simple dinner. It was therefore later than usual when, leaving him to the reading of his breviary, I took my way to the manor to spend an hour or two.

From some distance off my steps were guided by the blaze from the hearthstone of the salon, or main apartment of the house. The night being warm for a fire and yet too damp without one, the shutters of the windows had been left open, to temper the air of the room to a pleasant balminess, there being, of course, no glass in the sashes.

Other illumination of the interior there was none, but as I drew near I could plainly see the occupants: Cadillac smoking before the chimney; opposite to him Therese, in the stately high-backed chair brought for her from Quebec, knitting in the frelight; and near by, on the settle, whose redness was concealed by beaver skins, gaudy blankets, and gay-colored cushions of swansdown, sat Barbe, a charming picture in her robe of sad colored satin, with its long pointed waist and high ruff, her hair dressed high and rolled back from her face, save for the short locks that curled about her brow and shell-like ears,—after the coiffure of the fashion dolt sent out from France, the which Therese showed me.

Beside her sat the handsomest man at the post, Dugue, and she was appearing to give him a lesson in music (as well as in love), for between his hands he held her guitar in an ungainly manner, and thumped upon the strings; whereat she laughed, and shook her head with a pretty affectation of a musico-master's despair over a dull pupil.

Now, though so picturesque, the scene was not to my liking; I paused as though stayed by the hand of fate, and stood without in the darkness, looking with moroseness upon the happiness and tranquil content within.

While I contemplated the tableau, feeling that I must have a moment to recover my equanimity before entering, I heard near me a faint sigh, and glancing sharply about, I saw, crouching beside a lilac bush close by, a blanketed figure.

My hand sought my rapier, but presently noiselessly dropped the sword back into its scabbard as I perceived the watcher was none other than Ishkodah, the Indian girl, the daughter of the chief Mawka, the Bear, and a

belle among the braves of her village. Ishkodah, the Bright Bird, but how changed! Never have I seen jealousy, anger and heart-breaking sorrow more clearly depicted than were these emotions portrayed upon the countenance of this dark maid of the forest as she remained motionless, her gaze riveted upon the beautiful white lady and the handsome lieutenant. And when at last the young chateleine in gay desperation caught up the guitar from the cavalier, and their hands for a second met, the agony that shook the frame of the unhappy Indian girl caused me almost to forget the thrill of pain it had sent through my own heart.

For there came to me the recollection of a story Dugue had told me the year before. One day upon the prairie, hearing a cry of terror, he had followed it, and found this girl striving to keep at bay a wild cat by the sheer force of her steady eye, while she screamed loudly for help.

Calling to her not to change her position, Dugue with a shot from his fuscine brought down the panther. Seeing it was indeed dead, the girl, in the reaction from her terror, caught the hand of her deliverer and pressed it to her heart, vowing eternal gratitude; then like a deer she sped away to the village above the fort.

At the time we had rallied Dugue much over the adventure, and hinted that he had best complete the romance by taking a dusky bride. For Cadillac would fain have the unmarried men of the settlement wed the daughters of the forest, hoping thus to render closer the friendship between the Indians and the French, and Freze Constantin was ever ready to bless these marriages in due form before the altar.

Vernon de Grand-Messil had, shortly before been hot to espouse the daughter of the Pottawatome chief, Churlio, but her stern old pagan father would not hear of it, and spirited her away, to be mated to a warrior of a distant tribe.

Whether Dugue, in the loneliness of our isolation, would have succumbed to the charms of the maiden whom by his prowess he had saved from a cruel death, it is useless to surmise. Soon after this incident Madame Cadillac and her party reached Fort Pontchartrain, and at the first glimpse of the beautiful widow of the gallant Le Moyne, the lieutenant, I verily believe, promptly forgot the existence of the Bright Bird. With Ishkodah it was different, however. That she still treasured the remembrance of her deliverer was only too evident to me as he held her now. Doubtless because of the prompt response to her cry for succor, she had entrusted Dugue as the ideal warrior of her heart. For his sake perchance she had declined to take as a husband any brave of her tribe. She had seen one among her companions solemnly married in the church of the good Ste. Anne, a Frenchman; why might not a like happy fate with the fair Manitou of whom Father Constantin told her people?

Thus no doubt had she cherished the day dream; therefore I pitied the girl. Still, I liked not the fierceness of her visage, as she looked in upon the cheeriness of that home room. She might dog the footsteps of Dugue and make life as miserable for him as she pleased, for all I cared; but I would not permit her by glance to rest longer on Barbe. Who could tell, mayhap she might cast upon Miladi the Evil Eye, or weave about her some uncanny spell of forest witchcraft?

Ah, had I not divined, had I so much as dimly suspected, the thoughts of vengeance that were taking form in the mind of the savage, what dire consequences might have been averted! But I saw only a girl, who was scarce more than a child, disappointed that the hero of her youthful fancy was charmed by the smile of la Dame Blanche.

So absorbed was she in watching the firelit scene, that ere she felt my proximity I leaped forward and grasped her arm.

Only the instinctive caution of her nature could have checked the exclamation of alarm and surprise that sprang to her lips, but which she checked back, until it might have passed for the yelp of a frightened wood-bird.

"What does Ishkodah here?" I demanded in a low tone, yet with quiet sternness. "How is it she is within the palisade when, according to the order of the Commandant, the gates were closed at nightfall and no Indian is permitted to remain inside the fort during the hours of her vigil?"

The girl faced me with an air of defiance and said in the patois, half French, half aboriginal, by which we had learned to communicate with the savages and with you.

"Ishkodah was kept waiting too long in the White Chief's kitchen. She had come to the fort of the French with a memento of wild grapes for the wife of the chief. When she set out to return home, it was already dark and the gates were fast barred."

"She had but to stand forth so that the light of the guard's lantern might fall upon her face and she would have opened the wicket for her to go out," I answered severely. "But, be this as it may, I will now set Ishkodah free, that she may return to the lodge of her mother as a bird to its nest."

The maiden laughed slyly but unmisgivingly: "The warrior of the Swan's Quill should know a young bird returns no more to the nest when once it has spread its wings; far more like is it to fall to the snare of the woodsman."

she responded bitterly. "Ishkodah will gladly be released from this cage of the white man; in its air she scarce can breathe; her heart is oppressed as by a heavy burden, she longs for the peace and forgetfulness of the forest."

"The Bright Bird will return to the kitchen then," I said. "She will ask one of the Pani women to go with her to the gate. If I find she has not departed within half an hour, I will have her locked in the prison."

The girl clenched her hands and tossed back her head proudly, but she had no choice but to obey. Casting upon me a malignant look, and with a last glance through the window, she turned away towards the kitchen, while I, passing on to the gallery, entered the house by the main door.

Later, I made enquiry of Sergeant Jolicoeur after he had been the round of the sentries, and he told me he had himself opened the wicket in the palisade and let Ishkodah pass out, about a nine of the clock. She volunteered some trifling article of feminine adornment, and was most eager to learn the most graceful industries of the white women.

This good account of the maid did much to dispel my uneasiness over the sullenness I had read in her face. Moreover, a day or two later, I encountered her at the door of the church, and she flashed upon me a smile of rare radiance, while saluting me with respect. So guileless did she appear, that I gave myself no further concern over the recent occurrence, beyond a resolution to note her general behavior toward the ladies. And I reflected it was indeed a pity so bright a creature should have lost her heart to Dugue, who bestowed not a thought upon her, although this was small when he might haunt the sunlight of the presence of the loveliest lady in New France.

A week or more later, I was at work of a morning in the King's Storehouse, as it was called, though the goods stored therein, having been secured by our Sieur, belonged not to his Majesty, but to Cadillac. I had the ledgers upon the counter and was making entries of the trade of the post, when La Mothe came in.

"Normand," he said, after making sure there were no eavesdroppers to carry away his words, "I have now proof that de Tonty is striving to ruin this settlement. He has planned to establish a fort on the river of the Miamas and to draw thither the Indians of this neighborhood, in order that Fort Pontchartrain must needs be abandoned. His pretext is that if the French do not seize upon the position, it will be speedily occupied by the English. Of this, however, there is not the slightest danger. His real object is to weaken my authority, that he may rule in my stead."

"On what treachery sometimes lurks under the mask of loyalty!" I ejaculated, throwing down my quill, for here was a more important matter than the adding up of accounts of peltries.

"Yes," continued my brother; he has carried on his negotiations with much williness, reporting to Quebec and Ville Marie and even to France, that the hands about the strait are unfriendly to the fishing boat, the hunting rapid falling off."

I broke into a laugh that any one should make statements so absurd.

"Ay," would be a subject of merriment, were not the consequences like to prove no laughing matter," returned our Sieur, grimly.

"But how did you learn of these schemes, Monsieur Chevalier?" I asked, intent upon the significance of what I had just been told.

"In the most direct way possible, yet one upon which the schemer never counted. A letter came to me from Count Pontchartrain himself, setting forth the charges against me and demanding an explanation. This I am only too glad of an opportunity to give, yet how can I refrain from taking exception to the manner of the demand?"

"Alack, be moderate in wording your response, mon Sieur," I cried, "and thank Heaven the minister has shown you so great a mark of his good will. While you possess his favor you have the ear of the King."

"Normand, you are a wise counsellor," replied De la Mothe, with less of excitement. "You shall write out at once the letter I send to France, and if the phrases grow too hot, I give you leave to tell me that I may temper them. Yes, the Italian will scarce supplant me in the confidence of the Count. Unfortunately a consequence of his acts menaces us nearer home. He has stirred up discontent among the Indians. I have noted many unfriendly looks from them of late; we must be ware of an attack. I think, however, he himself became a trifle alarmed, for last evening when I gave orders that the guard should be doubled and the garrison sleep under arms, he assented most readily."

"Nevertheless, this was not done," I declared, starting up.

"Not done!" cried Cadillac, astonished and in a rage. "How is that? Dugue and Chacornac heard my order as well as De Tonty. You know I retired early to my house to read this self-same letter, but it was reported to me duly that my commands were carried out."

"Mon Sieur, I have heard something of this," I said, "for it was commented upon. If you remember, Monsieur de Tonty warned you to the manor after you had left the barracks."

"Yes, and decanted upon how we had best conciliate the savages," rejoined my brother, with a nod.

"Exactly. But when he returned, he announced that you had countermanded the order you had before given. The guards were not doubled, there fore, and the garrison slept as usual. The report you received had reference to this supposed later order."

For the next few moments the air scintillated with the expression of Cadillac's wrath.

"It was a daring game!" he exclaimed more quietly at length; "but I can do as well as this false friend, if it so suits my purpose. For the present I will feign to know nothing of this duplicity; in the future, however, Messieurs Dugue and Chacornac shall have warning to receive instructions from no one but the Commandant of this post, either by written order or word of mouth. De Tonty should know ere now that this fort is not a King Petard's Court, where every one is a master. Normand, you have put me on my mettle. There is a parry for every thrust, and courage and foresight vanish in war more frequently than the implements of the trade."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN INTREPID MOTHER.

THE TERRORS OF A NIGHT.

The diligence from Paris to Chalons stopped one evening just before dark, some miles beyond the little town of Rouvray, to put down an English lady and her child, at a lonely roadside auberge. Mrs. Martin expected to find a carriage ready to take her to the Chatelain de Senart, a distance of some leagues, whither she was repairing on a visit, but was told that it had not yet arrived. The landlady, a tall, coarse-looking woman who showed her into the vast hall that served as a sitting-room and kitchen, observed that the roads were so muddy and difficult at night that there was little chance of her friend arriving before morning.

"You had better, therefore," she said, "make up your mind to sleep here. We have a good room to offer you; and you will be more comfortable between a pair of clean, warm sheets than knocking around about in our rough country, especially as your dear child seems sickly."

Mrs. Martin, though much fatigued by her journey, hesitated. A good night's rest was certainly a tempting prospect, but she felt so confident that her friends would not neglect her that, after a moment, she replied:

"I thank you, madam; I will sit up for an hour or so—it is not late, and the carriage may come, after all. Should it not I shall be glad to see you, which you may prepare for me at any rate."

The hostess, who seemed anxious that her guest should not remain in the great room, suggested that a fire might be made above, but Mrs. Martin found herself so comfortable where she was—a pile of fagots was blazing on the hearth—that she declined at first to move. Her daughter, though with her ears were listening anxiously for the roll of carriage wheels her eyes occasionally closed, and slumber began to make its insidious approaches.

In order to prevent herself from giving way, she endeavored to direct her attention to the objects about her. The apartment was vast, and lighted more by the glare of the fire than by the dim glow of a single candlestick that stood on one of the long tables. Two or three huge beams stretched across halfway up the walls, leaving a space filled with fitting shadows above. From these descended a rusty gun or two, a sword, several bags, hanks of onions, cooking utensils, etc.

There were very few signs that the house was much visited, though a pair of empty wine bottles lay in one corner. The landlady sat at some distance from the fireplace with her two sons, who had their heads together and talked in whispers.

Mrs. Martin began to feel uneasy. The idea entered her mind that she had fallen into a resort of robbers; and the words "C'est elle!" (It is she,) which was all she heard of the whispered conversation, contributed to alarm her. The door leading to the road was left ajar; and for a moment she felt an inclination to start up and escape on foot. But she was far from any other inhabitant; and if the people of the house really entertained any evil design, her attempt would only precipitate the catastrophe. So she resolved on patience, but listened attentively for the approach of her friends.

At length the whistling of the wind and the dashing of the rain, which had begun to fall just after her arrival.

About two hours passed in this uncomfortable way. At length the door was thrown open, and a man dripping wet came in. She breathed more freely; for this new comer might frustrate the evil designs of her hosts, if they entered.

He was a red-haired, jovial faced looking man, and inspired her with confidence by the frankness and ease of his manners.

"A fine night for walking!" cried he, shaking himself like a dog who has scrambled out of a pond. "What have you to give? I am wet to the skin. Hope I disturb nobody. Give me a bottle of wine."

The hostess, in a surly, sleepy tone, told her eldest son to serve the gentleman, and then, addressing Mrs. Martin, said:

"You see your friends will not come and you are keeping us up to no purpose. You had better go to bed."

"I will wait a little longer," was the reply, which elicited a shrug of contempt.

The red-haired man finished his bottle of wine, and said:

"Show me in a roof, good woman—I shall sleep there to-night."

Mrs. Martin thought that as he pronounced these words he cast a protesting glance toward her and she felt less repugnance to the idea of passing the night in the house. When, therefore, the red-haired man, after a polite bow, went up stairs, she said that, as her friends had not arrived they might as well show her to her room.

"I thought it would come to that at last," said the landlady. "Here, Pierre, take the lady's trunk upstairs."

In a few minutes Mrs. Martin found herself in a spacious room, with a large fire burning on the hearth. Her first care, after putting the child to bed, was to examine the door. It closed only by a latch. There was no bolt inside. She looked around for something to barricade it with, and perceived a heavy chest of drawers. Feargave her strength. She half lifted, half pushed it against the door. Not content with this, she seized a table, to increase the strength of her defence. The leg was broken, and when she touched it fell with a crash to the floor. A long echo went sounding through the house, and her heart sank within her. But the echo died away, and no one came; so she piled up the fragments of the table upon the chest of drawers. Satisfied in this direction, she proceeded to examine the windows. They were well protected with iron bars. The walls were papered, and after careful examination, appeared to contain no sign of a secret door.

Mrs. Martin now sank down into a chair to reflect on her position. As was natural, after having taken these

precautions, the idea suggested itself that they might be superfluous, and she smiled at the thought of what her friends would say when she related to them the terrors of the night. Her child was sleeping tranquilly, its rosy cheeks half buried in the pillow. The fire had blazed up into a bright flame while the unsmoked candle burned dimly. The room was full of pale, trembling shadows, but she had no suspicious fears. Something positive could alone raise her alarm. She listened attentively, but could hear nothing but the howling of the wind over the roof and the pattering of the rain against the window-panes. As her excitement diminished, the fatigue—which had been forgotten—began again to make itself felt, and she resolved to address and go to bed. Her heart leaped into her throat.

For a moment she seemed perfectly paralyzed. She had undressed and put out the candle, when she accidentally dropped her watch. Stooping to pick it up, her eyes involuntarily glanced toward the bed. A great mass of red hair, a hand, and a gleaming knife were revealed by the light of the fire. After the first moment of terrible alarm, her presence of mind returned. She felt that she had herself cut off all means of escape by the door, and was left entirely to her own resources. Without uttering a cry, but trembling in every limb, the poor woman got into bed by the side of her child. An idea—a plan—had suggested itself. It had flashed through her brain like lightning. It was the only chance left.

Her bed was so disposed that the robber could only get from beneath it by a narrow aperture at the head with one of his arms; and it was probable that he would choose, from prudence, this means of exit. There were no curtains in the way, so Mrs. Martin, with terrible decision and noiseless energy, made a running knot in her silk scarf, and held it poised over the aperture by which her enemy was to make his appearance. She did not resolve to struggle in defence of her own life and that of her little child.

The position was an awful one; and probably, had she been able to direct her attention to the surrounding circumstances, she might have given way to fears, and endeavored to raise the house by screams. The fire on the hearth—unattended to—had fallen abroad, and now gave only a dull, sullen light, with an occasional bright gleam. Every object in the vast apartment showed dimly and uncertainly, and seemed to be endowed with a restless motion. Now and then a mouse advanced stealthily along the floor, but startled by some movement under the bed, went scurrying back in terror to his hole. The child breathed steadily in its unconscious repose; the mother also endeavored to imitate sleep, but the man under the bed, uneasy in his position, could not avoid occasionally making a slight noise.

Mrs. Martin was occupied with only two ideas. First, she reflected on the extraordinary delusion by which she had been led to see enemies in the people of the house and a friend in the red-haired man; and secondly, it struck her that, as he could fear no resistance from a woman, he might push aside the chairs that were in the way, regardless of the noise, and thus avoid the snare that was laid for him. Once even she thought that, while her attention was strongly directed to one spot, he had made his exit, and was leaning over her; but she was deceived by a flickering shadow on the opposite wall. In reality there was no danger that he would compromise the success of his sanguinary enterprise; the shrieks of a victim, put on its guard, might alarm the household.

Have you ever stood, hour after hour, with your fishing-rod in hand, waiting with the ferocious patience of an angler for a nibble? If you have, you have some faint idea of the state of mind in which Mrs. Martin—with her interests at stake—passed the time, until an old clock on the chimney piece told one hour after midnight. Another source of anxiety now presented itself—the fire had nearly burnt out. Her dizzy eyes could scarcely see the floor, as she beat with fearful attention over the head of the bed—the terrible noise hanging, like the sword of Damocles, above the gloomy aperture.

"What," she thought, "if he delay his appearance until the light has completely died away. Will it then be possible for me to adjust the scarf—to do the deed—to kill the assassin—to save myself and my child? O, God! deliver him into my hands, I beseech Thee!"

A cautious movement below—the dragging of hands and knees along the floor—heavy, suppressed breathing—announced that the supreme moment was near at hand. Her white arms were bared to the shoulder; her hair fell widely around her face, like the mane of a lioness about to leap down upon its prey; the distended orbits of her eyes glared down on the spot where the question of life and death was so soon to be decided. Time seemed immeasurably lengthened out—every second assumed the proportions of an hour. But at last—just as all lines and forms began to float before her sight through a medium of blended light and darkness—a black mass interposed between her eyes and the floor. Suspense being over the time of action having arrived, everything seemed to pass with magical rapidity. The robber thrust his head cautiously forward. Mrs. Martin bent down. There was a half-choked cry—the sound of a knife falling on the floor—a convulsive struggle. Pull! pull! Mrs. Martin heard nothing—saw nothing but the scarf passing over the head of the bed between her two naked feet. She had half turned herself back, and holding her scarf with both her hands, pulled with desperate energy for her life. The conflict had begun, and one or the other must perish. The robber was a powerful man, and made furious efforts to get loose; but in vain. Not a sound escaped from his lips—not a sound from hers. The dreadful tragedy was enacted in silence.

"Well, Mother Gerard!" cried a young man, leaping out of a carriage that stopped before the door of the auberge the next morning; "what news

have you for me? "In it landlady, humored as is a lady friends; and we could to bed. Show m running in They so "Mothe received m "The e have n country." The dr was the from und ing tongue Mrs. Ma her. She hands at child was her moth brought weeks la usual hea CAT SHE WHO THOUGH FIRST Cathol man the Cath to the re sex, not sibility; portunity; an unk to her de pable th Cathol with du only in p ibility. She All th religion basis of the re; graces, above re But shee over filled in instigat to realis sion is rotten in ception tive, an laxity m she be scanda of Catho ious an ilic prac cious cycon viction; prevail conven her up the ide part of Intellig and metta of the blicity has no deep a is the public to co desert call th repres challe desire Yet Catho pomp; Intellig folly; palle manit when "Va true whom that said Catho her hood. In only Cath to the wat Blood Rea clew and sista pea spair ing ablo of won th of pier wal men cor mot in tab dia ore v the "s eq Th in ab fair fly you clo in th pi G

have you for me? Has my mother arrived? "Is it your mother?" replied the landlady, who seemed quite good humored after her night's rest.

"Show me the roof!" cried Arthur, running into the house. They soon arrived before the door. "Mother! mother!" cried he, but received no answer.

"The door is only latched, for we have no robbers in this part of the country," said the landlady. The first object that presented itself was the face of the robber, upturned from under the bed, and with protruding tongue and eyeballs; the next was Mrs. Martin in the position we left her. She was in a deep swoon, her hands still grasping the scarf.

CATHOLIC WOMANHOOD.

THE WOMAN WHO LIVES UP TO HER LIGHTS, THOUGH FULL OF FROWNS, IS HAPPIER OF HER SEX.

Mary Sarsfield Gilmore. Catholic womanhood and ideal womanhood by right are synonyms; and the Catholic woman or girl who fails to represent the highest type of her sex, not only incurs grave moral responsibility, but misses the golden opportunity of her life.

All the world agrees that purity and religion are the sole and indispensable basis of ideal womanhood, and that as the representative of both essential graces, the Catholic woman stands above reproach.

But the law fulfilled in the letter by sheer force of Divine instinct, may be filled in the spirit by social concessions instigated by human respect. It is well to realize that where Catholic concession is necessary, there is something rotten in the social state.

Moral ception is not too apt to be superseded by the Catholic woman must fear laxity rather than scrupulousness, lest she be responsible for gildification or scandal. Indispensable, the perfection of Catholic precept challenges suspicion and censorious criticism of Catholic practice; and, in so far as the Catholic girl or woman forgets that she is a cynosure, and believes her immutable convictions by expedient compromise with prevailing non-religious and un-moral conventions in so far as they relinquish her supreme distinction, and sink below the ideal type.

The pity of such a mistake on the part of a spiritually sensitive and highly intelligent sex cannot be overestimated; and must be ascribed solely to the regrettable fact that the Catholic woman of the present day all too rarely and briefly "considers in her heart." She has no leisure, no surviving taste for deep and conscientious thought. She is the child of a century favoring action rather than contemplation. She lives a public life and sacrifices individuality to conformity. "Come apart into a desert place and rest a little" is no call that appeals to her strenuousness. It represents the antithesis of the social challenges to which her ambition and desires respond.

Yet, what has 'Society' to offer the Catholic? Riches, idleness, pride and pomp, enervating luxury and self-indulgence, the spurious pleasures of folly, perils of the leering on vice, have fallen upon the leisure classes of humanity even since the ancient day when Solomon in his glory protested "Vanity, all is vanity!" It is this that is true of the children of the world, for whom even the gentle Christ confessed that He "prayed night" what shall be said of the soul-weariness of the child of light, who battles for the portage of social prestige and fashionable frivolities her glorious birthright of ideal womanhood?

In truth, the lower choice is not only a spiritual tragedy—it is an intellectual stupidity! The intelligent Catholic does not look for satisfaction to the lulls of life. The sacramental waters of regeneration, the Precious Blood of Redemption, the Eucharistic Real Presence, the gifts of the Paraclete, the grace of the Holy Spirit, the power of the world to deify itself; and while deliberate and persistent resistance of grace is possible, lost peace of mind and heart, lost joy of spirit, and a carking remorse embittering both life and death are the inexorable result.

On the other hand, the Catholic woman who lives up to her lights, even though sweet dolor seems the insignia of the daughters of Mary, is the happiest of her sex. The Catholic girl walks with angels and therefore all men desire her. As a wife, love accords her its crown of reverence. As a mother, "the inheritance of the Lord is as olive plants round about her table." As a single woman, she has a distinct vocation, recognized and honored by Mother Church in the secular or less than in the religious order.

Where is the non-Catholic woman, the "woman of the world," the avowed "society woman," who can point to an equally happy and honorable estate? The non-Catholic, in addition to her immeasurable spiritual loss, lacks the abiding protective influence, the unfailing refuge, the perpetual sanctuary of the True Fold! The worldling, the social devotee, pass bright butterfly-spring-times, but when the sun of glory evers, their evanescent day ends in gloom and desertion and, as a rule, their little comedies of life close as pitilessly as their soulless play has been superficial and petty.

Is Catholic womanhood, then, to renounce the world of social functions? God forbid that she should deprive it of

its redemptive element! The ideal Catholic girl, with the exquisite bloom of convent innocence upon her spirit—the ideal Catholic woman, with her invincible virtue, her noble dignity, her courageous conviction that "Life is real, life is earnest," and that artificial life and hypocrisy misrepresent even its recreative phases—are called to the Social Apostolate!

But the call to the world implies no call to be a worldling. On the contrary, to be in the world, yet not of it, defines the social vocation as the conscientious Catholic woman must conceive it. Time is hers, neither to "kill" nor waste, but to use for eternity; and her diversion may not extend to social dissipation, nor her mere pursuit of pleasure legitimately press beyond very limited lines. Above all, unlike Goldsmith's heroine, she may not "stoop to conquer!" In compromise and concession are her hopeless defeat.

Hence, though its lines fall in pleasant places, the social mission is no simple one. To stand against the powers that be is to incur the risk of ostracism; yet the Catholic woman is in duty bound to retain the golden rule, while disconcerting the smart manners and repudiating the lax morals that are the reproach of modern society. More over, her convictions must assert their course even against material externalities. Christian society is evincing an atavistic tendency, and reverting to pagan barbarism. Wanton luxury of environment erodes moral sense, and epicureanism sets the death feasts of spiritual life and self-mastery. It behooves Catholic womanhood to recognize that social purification and reform are preached with unctious only from the platform of social simplicity.

Individual effort is beginning to command the support of concerted movement. Already the results of Catholic activity are manifest. The divorce evil no longer goes its lawless ways unchallenged. Bases suicides is publicly arraigned and dishonored. The social vice cup, as the emblem of hospitality, is shattered on many a representative hearstone. These are "signs of the times" honorable to the present, and propitious for the future; and their credit is to the Catholic woman, who, in conscientiously and practically living up to their inspired ideals, establish the world's type of Ideal Womanhood.—Irish World.

INDUSTRIAL THEIEVRY.

TEXT OF MISREPRESENTED SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP KEANE.

"A man's duty toward the public welfare is as sacred as it is to his family," declared Archbishop Keane in the course of a sermon delivered a week ago last Sunday in St. Raphael's cathedral, Dubuque, which has been widely and inaccurately quoted in the daily press.

"We are all here to work: there are to be no drones in God's hives. All are here to be good for something; to be useful in some way, and the work of each has three relations: First, each one must work for himself, secondly, for his fellowmen, and, thirdly, for Almighty God.

"Each man has a field of his own to cultivate, and that field will bring forth either weeds or crop. No one is made so good he could not garner a poor crop should he prove unfaithful, no one is made so bad he cannot bring forth a good crop. Work out the weeds and work in the crop.

"All are liable to the seven deadly sins, and it is not pleasant to enumerate them.

"Man is tempted by his concupiscences and we should be constantly trying to find out our predominant passion in order to hammer at it particularly.

"And there is a second thing—character—which must be cultivated in order to bring forth a good crop. All are called to the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, which regulate our relation to God, to our fellowmen and to our own characters.

"In early life parents have to see to it; in later life each one has to see to it himself. In early life vigilance is the duty of the wise parents. Afterwards it is the duty of the school to correct in the child whatever tendency there is to wrong, and to develop in the child the good of which he is capable. That is why the only real school is the Christian school.

"Next to the parents and the school comes the reading. Books are a tremendous power in developing character for good or bad, hence the need of good books in the family library. Love for good reading is one of the greatest helps in life. See, therefore, that the children love to read good reading.

"There is nothing like history, the right kind of history; therefore they should read the history of the Holy Bible, of our mother, the church, of the world, of the lives of good and noble men, and above all the history of our Lord Jesus Christ and the gospels. I am somewhat scandalized when I ask children of say, ten years of age, if they have read the gospels and find they have not done so.

"Next to good books comes good company. 'Show me your company and I'll judge what you are.' A child with a grain of common sense ought to go with companions who do them some good, and if the child is not wise enough, let the parents see that his company is elevating.

"The fruit of Holy Communion is to put the fruit of the life of Christ into us, and the way to develop character is to receive Christ in the Holy Communion. So the first relation is to work for one's self in the development of character.

"The second department of work is for our fellowmen. No one works alone. God has made us social beings. We all have duties toward our fellowmen. And in this there are three spheres: the family, business and political life.

"In the family life we have the sweet relationship just spoken of in the relation of child to parent, and parent to child. As in early life, the children depend on the parents, so in time the parents depend on the children.

And turn about is fair play. God gives us ties of flesh and blood and these relationships inspire duties to our fellowmen.

"Every young man should get a chance to work. But give him as much education as he can afford. Don't hurry him along too rapidly; he will have long enough to work. But every one must have an avocation of some kind.

"Now in this world of industry the rule that must govern is that of justice, and not only justice but good will. He who gets wages is bound to give honest labor for the wages, and he who gets for the work. He who gets work and does not give honest, square wages is a thief, and the man who gets wages and does not give honest, square work is a thief; he is not merely indolent, he is a thief.

"Any labor union that aims at helping workmen to give less work than the wages demand is a school for thieves. We hear rumors at times that force us to think of a thievish world. A combination of capital pressing down on others would produce a spirit of rebellion. A combination of labor aiming at bringing all down to the level of the lowest in order to give the lowest a chance would prove disastrous.

"The industrial world may be dominated by justice, employing the welfare of employer and employee. In turn, the welfare of employers.

"The third class is in relation to the town, state and country. We are citizens and we belong to civilized communities. Providence demands us to take our part in promoting public welfare. Every one ought, therefore, to do full duty in watching public sorcery and see they do their duty; to pay his tax and pay it honestly. I am horrified sometimes when I hear it said that a man may lie about the taxes he owes. A man's duty toward the public welfare is as sacred as his duty toward his family.

"It makes me ashamed to hear it said you cannot get a first class man to go into politics. If you cannot get a decent man to go in, why then let the indolent follow these you the best he can.

"All our relations are crowned by duty to God for the welfare of religion; the glory and extension of the church of Christ; for the enlightenment and salvation of souls.

Sensational reports of the Archbishop's sermon were sent to the Chicago papers and he was represented as denouncing labor unions in unqualified terms.

"My attention has been called to the statements regarding my Sunday sermon, appearing in the Chicago papers Monday morning. I denounce it as misrepresentation of my words, declared Archbishop Keane at his residence on Monday morning, in referring to the reports sent out from Dubuque to daily papers in regard to his Sunday sermon.

He did not denounce the labor unions as claimed by the distorted reports sent out. It is known and has been known since his going to Dubuque, that the Metropolitan has been in favor of the labor union when it operates intelligently and justly. The remarks made by Archbishop Keane on Sunday were in perfect harmony with his policy of Christian charity and justice between employer and employe and did not approach the sensational.

EXTRACT FROM ORATION ON O'CONNELL.

I do not think I exaggerate when I say that never since God made Demosthenes has He made a man better fitted for great work than He did O'Connell. You may say that I am partial; but John Randolph, of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee, when he got to London and heard O'Connell, the old slave holder threw up his hands and exclaimed: "This is the man, those are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day," and I think he was right.

Webster could address a college of judges; Everett could charm a college; Chase could delude a jury; Clay could magnetize a senate, and Tom Corwin would hold a mob in his right hand, but no one of these men could do more than this one thing. The wonder about O'Connell was that he could out-talk Corwin, he could out-clare better than Everett, and leave Henry Clay far behind in magnetizing a senate.

It has been my privilege to have heard all the great orators of America, who have become singularly famed about the world's circumference. I know what was the majesty of Webster; I know what it was to meet under the magnetism of Henry Clay; I have seen eloquence in the iron logic of Calhoun, but all three of these men never surpassed and no one of them ever equalled the great Irishman. I have hitherto been speaking of his ability and success. I will now consider his character.

To show you that he never took a leaf from our American gospel of compromise, that he never held his tongue to silence on one truth facing so to help another, let me compare him to Kosuth, whose only merits were his eloquence and his patriotism. When Kosuth was in Faneuil Hall, he exclaimed, "Here is a flag without a stain, a nation without a crime." O'Connell, the son of the Magyar, came to break chains, have you no word, no pulse-beat for four millions of negroes bending under a yoke ten times heavier than that of Hungary?" He exclaimed, "I would forget anybody, I would praise anything, to help Hungary." O'Connell never said anything like that.

When I was in Naples I asked Sir Thomas Buxton "Is Daniel O'Connell an honest man?" As honest a man as ever breathed," said he, and then he told me the following story: When, in 1830, O'Connell first entered Parliament, the anti-slavery cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself to speak for it, and we agreed that when he spoke I should cheer him

up, and when I spoke he should cheer me, and these were the only cheers we ever got. O'Connell came with a large party to support him. A large party of members I think Buxton said twenty-seven) whom we called the West India interest, the Bristol party, the slave party, went to him saying: "O'Connell, at last you are in the House with one help—if you will never go down to Fremason's Hall with Buxton and Brougham, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. If you work with those abolitionists, come to us always against you."

It was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded? O'Connell said, "Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may my right forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if to help Ireland—even Ireland—I forgot the negro, one single hour."

"I was that day," said Buxton, "Lushington and I never went into the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us." And then besides his irreproachable character, he had what is half the power of a popular orator, he had a majestic presence. In youth he had the brow of a Jupiter of Jove, and the statures of Apollo. A little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all.

Sydney Smith says of Lord Russell's fire feet, when he went down to Yorkshire after the Reform Bill had passed, the stalwart hunters of Yorkshire exclaimed "What, that little shrimp, he carry the Reform Bill!" "No, no," said Smith, "he was a large man, but the labors of the bill shrunk him."

You remember the story that Russell Lowell tells of Webster, when he in Massachusetts were about to break up the Whig party. Webster came home to Faneuil Hall to protest, and four thousand Whigs came out to meet him. He lifted up his majestic presence before that sea of human faces, his brow charged with thunder and said, "Gentlemen, I am a Whig; a Massachusetts Whig; a Revolutionary Whig; a Constitutional Whig; a Faneuil Hall Whig; and if you break up the Whig Party where am I to go?" "And," says Lowell, "we all hold our breath, thinking where he could go."

"But," says Lowell, "if he had been five feet three, we should have said, 'confound you, who do you suppose were you go?' 'Well, O'Connell had all that, and then he had what Webster never had, and what Clay had—the magnetism and grace that melts a million souls into his."

When I saw him he was sixty-five, like as a boy. His every attitude was beauty, his every gesture grace. Why Macready or Booth never equaled him. It would have been a pleasure to look at him if he had not spoken at all, and all you thought of was a greyhound. And then he had, what so few American speakers have, a voice that sounded the gamut. I heard him once in Exeter Hall say, "Americans, I send my voice carrying like the thunder storm across the Atlantic, to tell South Carolina that God's thunder bolts are hot, and to remind the negro that the dawn of his redemption is drawing near," and I seemed to hear his voice reverberating and re-echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains.

And then, with the slightest possible flavor of an Irish brogue, he could tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh, and the next moment there were tears in his voice, like an old song, and five thousand men would be in tears. And all the while no effort—he seemed only breathing.

"As effortless as woodcock nooks, / Sent violet up and palm them blue,"

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

HOW TO KEEP LENT.

The following instructions are a summary of an excellent little tract published by the Catholic Truth Society under the above title:

During the season of Lent the church teaches us how to bring the body into subjection.

First, the church tells us to fast. Even considered from the standpoint of health, fasting, as regulated by the Catholic church, keeps away many diseases, prolongs life and conduces to intelligence. As regards the soul, it softens and refines the moral faculties, conduces to modesty and purity and assists the work of grace. Of course, for reasons good in the judgment of the church, this law of fasting can be dispensed with. But such dispensation by no means releases Christians from the duty of mortification of the senses. Those who cannot fast or abstain can find many ways of satisfying the indispensable law of penance.

The sense of taste is only one of the sources of sin. Deny the eyes; deny the ears; restrain the tongue. Let the churches be filled and the theatres go empty. Touch not the fair fame of your fellowman.

Secondly, Lent is a season for prayer. When by abstinence or other mortification, the Christian has removed the impediments which clog the spirit, he may freely rise on the wings of prayer to the Divine source of moral power—to the Father of light, and win the gift of grace. In its force and sweetness, the feeblest child is enabled promptly, easily and joyfully, to practice all Christian virtues.

Thirdly, the church recommends the practice of pious reading. It is the property of pious reading to develop and strengthen faith in the soul; to arm and sustain it against adverse opinion, and to furnish the enlightened Christian with those proofs whereby he becomes able "to give an account of the faith that is in him."

Fourthly, we are taught to remember the Christian is a member of the great family of Christ; a family comprising both by right and fact the vast struggling millions whom we call mankind. This relationship involves the further duty of tender remembrance and care for his suffering brethren. The entire history of religion goes to show how acceptable to God is almsgiving or the relieving of the necessities of the poor.

HOW TO TAKE THEM FOR

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Christ has even identified their cause with Himself, saying: "As long as ye did it to one of these My least brethren ye did it to Me." (Matt. xxv, 40)

The Christian, therefore, whom Providence has blessed with an easy affluence, would in vain flatter himself with the hope of "keeping Lent" while neglecting this essential form of fraternal charity, a charity as dear to the Father of Mercies that He has ordained its power to cancel sin. "For charity, covereth a multitude of sins."

Lastly, Lent is intended as a preparation for the worthy commemoration of the sublime event of man's redemption—the Divine atonement made for the sins of the world by the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The atonement, therefore, is the chief subject for the minds of Christians during the entire Holy Season. In meditating on the Passion of Christ, we behold the great proof of God's love for man—no man hath greater love than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friend; and yes, when we were sinners, and therefore enemies, the Son of God died for all. Thence we shall learn sorrow of mind for having offended an infinitely good God, that "sorrow unto life" which is called contrition, and without which no reconciliation with God can be effected.

In this spirit, then, should Christians observe Lent. Let them follow the Saviour weekly in the Stations of the Cross. Let them accept their own sufferings in a spirit of reparation for their sins. And let them conclude Lent by a good confession and Communion, and thus bury sin and sorrow in the tomb of Christ, and rise with Him at Easter to a new, joyous and Christian life.

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The Catholic Home Annual, Benziger's popular Annual for 1906, can now be had. It is considerably enlarged and contains a beautiful colored frontispiece of the Child Jesus. Handsomely illustrated throughout. This Annual is even more interesting than in former years. In point of originality it cannot be surpassed, the contributors being some of our best Catholic authors. The following are some of the articles: "Behold He Comes" (poem); "The Birthplace of Father Jones," by Rev. T. J. Campbell S. J. (illustrated); "The Lord's Anointed," by Grace Keon. (illustrated); "The Do Profundis Bell" by Conrad Kammer (illustrated); "The Great Siagon Tunnel" (illustrated); "Two Exiles," by Katharine Tynan Hinckson. (illustrated); "Mademoiselle Barab" (illustrated) 12 scenes in the Venerable Foundress's life; "Mary Nelson's Silence," by Margherita Rock; "St. Anthony of Padua," (illustrated)—eight scenes in the life of the Wonder Worker of Padua; "Saved by an Inspiration" (illustrated); "The Lifting of the Cloud," by Mrs. Francis Chadwick; "The Infant Mary," a brief account of the devotion to the Infant Mary (illustrated); "The Seven Plagues of Sodom," a Ghost Story With a Moral, (illustrated); "Sibel" (illustrated); "The Flower Chapel," a Tale of the Netherlands, (illustrated); Some Notable Events of the Year 1904-1905. (illustrated); "New Births"; "The Dead of the Year"; For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London. Price 25 Cents. Address: THOMAS COPPEY.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. COXOCIV.

Of course we are not to suppose that Luther preached a sermon or published a treatise embracing at once all the odious and immoral propositions which I have cited in my last.

To gain the support of the people for these monstrous propositions, he allows them a general license in their domestic relations, not as desirable or commendable, but as not necessarily inconsistent with the justified state.

I do not think, however, that American Lutheranism now keeps that antinomian taint which displeased John Wesley in German Lutheranism, and led him to brand Luther's famous work on the Galatians as "that dangerous treatise."

Having thus let loose in Germany, immorality, spoliation, and massacre, Luther, who, near the beginning of his reformatory course, had exhorted his countrymen "to bathe their hands in the blood of the Pope and cardinals," ended his career by exhorting the Germans, almost in the same breath, to burn down the synagogues of the Jews, and then "to march to Rome, to seize on the Pope and cardinals, to cut out their tongues and hang them around their necks and to suspend them on gibbets," suggesting that if they still wished to hold an oecumenical council, they might hold it in hell.

Nothing, you would never suppose, from his whole long letter, but that Luther and his disciples were just such a flock of innocent sheep, barely saving themselves from the wolf as they appear in Merle d'Amigne's work, amusingly entitled "History of the Reformation."

No wonder that the late Bishop of London, although firmly attached to the English Establishment, is constrained by his strong historical conscience to speak of the grotesque caricatures which popular Protestantism gives of the facts of the Reformation.

Of course we were always taught to view the religious wars of Germany as all being Catholic aggressions on the mild and inoffensive Protestants, who barely defended themselves when they were absolutely must.

In Luther's century, of course, his most shameless tenets, and prepositions and declarations, were perfectly well known. But then the whole generation of his followers was as shameless as he.

At the same time there was really much in Luther to admire. He is probably the greatest man of the German race.

his freedom from avarice and ambition (virtues illustrated on both sides of this great contest), his warmth of family affection (if only, Catholics would say, it had been a lie), his extraordinary powers as a translator, a preacher and an expositor, and his absolute oneness of temper with the German people, all this could not fail to enshrine him in the hearts of millions.

Now, however, comes our remorseless generation, insisting on knowing both sides of a man and of a time. As we have the "True George Washington," and the "True William Penn," we must have the "True Martin Luther."

The age may have wanted Jansen, but assuredly the Lutherans did not want him. The hurlyburly was not his.

However, the Government remained silent, and no one had the courage to follow von Hutten's goodly example with the two Dominican friars. There fore the Protestants have been thrown back on two pieces of artillery.

One is, the assertion that Jansen garbles from Luther. The other is, that his work is animated by "preternatural hate."

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

AN INDIAN PRIEST.

NOW STUDYING IN WASHINGTON—FATHER NEGAGNET'S LIFE WORK. In order to better fit himself for work among his own people, Rev. Albert Negagnet, the Indian priest, has entered the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, U. S.

Father Negagnet (the English for which is Scattered Clouds) is a full blooded member of the famous Potawatamie Indians, and comes of a brilliant mind, and took an advanced position among his classmates while preparing for the priesthood.

Father Negagnet was born on the Potawatamie reservation, near St. Mary's, Kan., about twenty eight years ago, but in his youth the tribe removed to Indian Territory, now Oklahoma Territory.

It is said to be a fact that there are a large number of priests in this country through whose veins there courses more or less Indian blood.

No wonder that the sorrowful hasten to the Mother of Sorrows! She can compassionate Sorrow's every pang, because she suffered them all.—Father Ryan in "The Flower of the Pariaoa."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday of Lent.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

This is the will of God, your sanctification.—(Epistle of the Day.)

What, my dear brethren, is the will or intention of Almighty God and of the Catholic Church, which is directed by His Holy Spirit, in establishing for us this fast of Lent, and commanding us to observe it? What is the end which He meant that every Christian should attain by keeping it, and which makes the opportunity now offered to us such a great grace as we were warned last week that it is?

But what is our sanctification? It is the making us saints. That, then, is what Lent ought to do for us. It ought to make us saints: God and His church mean that it should.

Well, perhaps you may say, "if that is the end for which Lent is appointed, it seems to me that the end is seldom attained. For my part, I am afraid I shall never be a saint; I am sure I shall never be a saint."

But for that I am glad to hear you say so. If, then, you say this, I must confess that there is a good deal of truth in it. We must all feel and acknowledge that. Any one who could feel sure now that when Easter comes he will be fit to be canonized must either be very proud and presumptuous, and far from real sanctity, or have some special revelation from God, to which, I think, none of us will pretend.

It is what I fear many of you, even those who are good Christians, do not expect. What do I mean by a colorably good Christian? I mean, of course, one who expects to make his Easter duty. One who does not expect and mean to do that can hardly be called a tolerably good Christian; it would be more nearly right to call him an intolerably bad one.

But that is not enough. That is not sanctification, and it is not the will or intention of God. What you ought to expect is much more than that. What, then, is it? It is simply this: that when you have made your Easter duty where it will put you. It is that the habits of mortal sin which you may then have to confess will be gone for good; that those impure thoughts, words, and actions will have stopped for ever; that the shameful drunkenness, and all the sins which came from it, will be things only of the past; that you will never again willfully neglect Holy Mass; that in every way you will really live as you ought, all the time in the state of grace, in peace with God and men, and in readiness to die at any time, even without the sacraments, if such should be God's will; that, in short, you will be truly converted to Him once for all.

That is the sanctification which past Lent has not brought you, but which this one should. Do not, I beg you, think it is impossible, for it is not only possible but easy. Do not make your Easter duty the highest point and the end of your Christian life; it should be only the beginning of it. What a consolation it will be to you, if in your future life you can look back on this Lent and say, "That was the time when I really began to be a good Christian; since then I have not had much on my conscience; I have kept in the state of grace. I made really good and strong resolutions then, and have been faithful to them ever since."

There are those now, plenty of them, who can say this of some past Lent. Let it be now your turn to say it of this one. It is not a matter of luck and chance; if you will, this grace of a lasting conversion from sin is now offered to each and every one of you. It is yours to a certainty, if you will take the trouble to secure it; for it is the will of God.

Travellers of a day, we are carried along in a vast movement to which we are called upon to contribute, but which we have not foreseen, nor embraced in its entirety, nor penetrated as to its ultimate aims. Our part is to fulfill faithfully the role of private which has devolved upon us, and our thought should adapt itself to the situation.—Charles Wagner.

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"Revenge not yourselves, my dearly beloved," he cries, "but give place unto wrath, for it is written: Revenge is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. But if thy enemy be hungry, give him to eat; if he thirst, give him to drink. For doing this, thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. By not overcoming by evil, but overcoming evil by good."

These words of St. Paul are quoted from the book of Proverbs, chapter xvii, verses 21, 22. How much less force they had in St. Paul's time and that they have in ours, since the example of our Blessed Lord upon the cross has thrown so vivid a light on the old time teaching! It has made us understand that our true revenge upon our enemies is to do them good, not harm; to yield to them gently, rather than to try to "get even" with them by mean deeds and words; to speak mildly, and kindly, and strive to win their love, even when human nature would have us say we care nothing at all about winning it, but would prefer to leave them alone in the midst of their hateful ways.—Sacred Heart Review.

"BELATED ECHOES OF GERMAN RATIONALISM."

A CRITIC'S ESTIMATE OF THE LATEST PRODUCT OF THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY "RIDICULOUS" DIVINITY SCHOOL.

Under the heading "Disreputable Advertising," Rev. Thomas E. Judge writes as follows in the New World, Oct. 18, 1905.

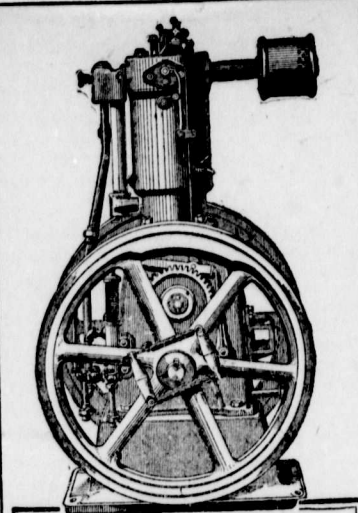
In a recent issue of the New World we called attention to the artificial means by which literary reputations are nowadays fabricated. When there is question of a work of fiction or some popular biography, little fault may be found with advertising puff.

But when a fellow of no special standing in the world of scholarship pulls the wires in order to announce a book, and brazenly to the public section of the public that he is about to publish a book which will strike at the very foundation of morality and revealed religion, and undermine belief in the sacred doctrines which have cheered the life of Christians for nineteen centuries, it is time to call emphatic attention to the utter depravity of his position.

One cannot as is well known, compare a moral crime of one order with a moral crime of another, but the criminal attitude of the mind of a man who will subordinate the most sacred and inspiring convictions of humanity during its voyage across the centuries to the sordid exigencies of printing and publishing an ephemeral production, can scarcely be surpassed. There are many able men in the faculties of the University of Chicago, but what goes by the name of its "divinity school" is ridiculous in every centre of learning in Europe and in the United States.

One of its members, named Foster, heralded in the daily papers of Tuesday morning the publication of a volume that would stir the foundations of what he calls ambiguously "Historical Christianity." This blatant charlatan is an American Lazarus who picks up the crumbs of scholarship from German tables. The opinions which he endeavors to put in circulation have long since been abandoned by the intelligent thinkers of Germany; but the American mind has such little familiarity with those profound subjects that this little "theologist" hopes to win in his Chicago environment a spurious reputation for scholarship. We do not speak from hearsay. We have sat out some weary hours under this bibliographical photograph as it spouted out in feeble and discordant tones the belated echoes of German rationalism. And yet the Chicago Tribune has been in the habit of writing under the ripping title "Learned Critic Rips Theology," that Foster's book is destined to occupy a position in theology analogous to that of Kant's "Critique" in philosophy.

What, we may ask, is the main characteristic of this book? According to that author's own words, it is "a mirror of the development of the authors own experience—a development, moreover, which has not yet come to a close—a fact mentioned in the book." And then he continues in a style which has become disgustingly common since Bryan's famous "Cross of Gold" speech, that others he believes have traveled the same bleeding via dolorosa. We can testify from personal experience that any person who follows Foster will travel over a veritable via dolorosa, a path of thorns and quagmires, of clouds and dust, "Ubi semper torrens horror e nullus oron inhabitat"—where eternal confusion and no order reigneth. Foster is a twin brother in the literary field of the late lamented Oscar Triggs, who ended his eccentric career in the University of Chicago by a feeling appeal for a public symposium to make plentiful suggestions of an appropriate name for a recent arrival in the Triggs family.



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THE CHURCH AND PROGRESS.

True Voice. There is a notion in the minds of some, and among a few Catholics, that the church is in some way opposed to modern progress. They look up to the church as a reactionary power, always discouraging advance especially in the direction of science. The progress of science—the march of discovery has gone on, think the people, in spite of the efforts of the church to stem the tide of progress. As a matter of fact the reverse is true. The church has always encouraged science and progress instead of impeding it. The strongest proof of this is to be found in history. Who were the men who gave to the world those great inventions that made our modern civilization possible? Catholics, almost every one, as history shows. Even in that branch of science which the church is popularly supposed to interdict entirely—Biblical Criticism—Catholic scholars blazed the way. The first Higher Critic was a French priest, Rev. Abbe Richard Simon. And among the most renowned Scripture scholars of the present day, who in the field of higher criticism yield to no other scholars, are Pere La Grange, the Dominican, and Hummelauer, the Jesuit.

The means of successfully studying science were first afforded where the influence of the church was most potent. It is not only in modern times when she has given to the world such eminent men as the Duc d'Arbuzzi, the Arctic explorer and Signor Marconi the inventor of wireless telegraphy, that Italy has had a reputation for science and discovery. She was the first country to establish museums of natural history, botanic gardens and to organize scientific societies—the forerunners of those learned scientific societies which are now found in every civilized country. The first museum of any consequence was that of the Vatican in Rome which was noted at the time for the number and variety of its minerals and fossils. There were others in various universities of Italy, but they were established later.

The first botanical garden established in Europe was at Padua, in 1545; then the one in Florence, in 1566, and that of Bologna in 1568. That of the Vatican dates from the same years. The first established north of the Alps came some years later while those of Upsala, Amsterdam and Oxford were not thought of until the last quarter of the seventeenth century.

The first scientific society was that founded by Torricelli, in 1560, and called Accademia dei Segretti. The Accademia dei Lincei followed in Rome in 1609. The celebrated Accademia dei Cimento was founded in Florence in 1657, and ten years later it published its first collection of experiments—a publication that served as a model of the reports published subsequently by similar scientific societies.

A few of the great inventions for which the world is indebted to Catholics may be cited. Flavio di Gioja invented the mariner's compass early in the fourteenth century. Mercator's Projection—so necessary to the nautical use of the compass—was invented by Gerard Mercator (Kaufman), a pupil of the University of Louvain.

Clocks were the joint production of three monks. These monks were the illustrious Gorbert—afterwards Pope Sylvester II in the tenth century;—Facio of Verona and Abbot William of Hirschau, Germany. Watches were invented early in the fifteenth century. Spectacles were first constructed by Salvino, an Italian monk in 1285. Schwartz a monk of Cologne, first prepared gunpowder, in 1320. Fire arms were introduced in the same century. The thermometer was invented by Santorio, early in the seventeenth century. A few years afterward the aneroid barometer was invented by an Italian, Evangelista Torricelli.

The camera obscura, that all important instrument in photography was invented by Giambattista della Porta, the founder of the scientific society. The magic lantern that has of late years proved of such value in the hands of the scientists and educators, was the invention of the learned Jesuit Father Kircher.

The gamut gave music a scientific basis. It was invented by a monk, Guido of Arezzo, in 1124. He was also the inventor of the hexachord, the precursor of the piano. Organs were invented in Italy in the eighth century.

The telescope and the microscope were invented in Catholic Italy, and their discovery revolutionized science. The art of printing was first given to the world in 1439 by the first printer in Germany, Johann Gensfleisch, who was called the printer of the first printed Bible. The first newspaper was published in 1562, in Venice.

motor and was the first to discover the reversibility of the armature of the dynamo on the passage through it of an electric current. This was pronounced by the eminent English physicist, Prof. Clarke Maxwell, the greatest discovery of the last half of the nineteenth century.

The first electric lamp was invented by Leon Faucault in 1845. The carbons used for electric lights are the invention of M. Carve. The first storage battery is due to Gaston Planté. Benjamin Franklin is reputed the discoverer of the identity of electricity and lightning, and of the passing of electricity from metallic points; but the credit of both these discoveries belongs to Procopius Diwisch, a Bohemian monk. He was also the inventor of the first lightning rod, so constantly credited to Franklin.

Watt is usually credited with inventing the steam engine; and yet patents were taken out for steam engines—and practical working engines, too—a full century before Watt commenced his experiments on the Newcomen engine. The Marquis of Worcester a Catholic, received a patent from Parliament in 1663—one hundred and nine years before Watt's so-called invention.—True Voice.

Robert Fulton is famed as the inventor of the first steamboat. But he was not the inventor. In 1543 Blasco Garay, a Spanish sea captain, exhibited in the harbor of Barcelona, in the presence of Charles V. and many of his court, a boat propelled by steam.

And so it goes. That the greatest progress has been made under the patronage of the church and in Catholic countries, it needs but an impartial study of history to prove. That the church has not at once identified herself with every novel theory that has been put forth is true. That she has hindered the progress of true science as an assertion made only by those who are unacquainted with the facts of history. The great English scholar and statesman, William E. Gladstone, only voiced the conviction of an impartial student of history, when he said of her:

Since the first three hundred years of persecution the Roman Catholic church has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to its chariot as the horses a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; its art, the art of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost though not absolutely, all that, in these respects, the world has had to boast of.

CONCORD.

The virtue of concord is necessary to the peace of a community and to individuals alike. In the former case it rests in mutually agreeing to yield general things and principles; but in the latter it rests in giving up our private opinions in things indifferent or of little consequence. Both are commendable practices as long as conscience is not violated. The apostle recommends this when he says, "If it be possible as much as in you have peace with all men." *Cor unum et anima una* is the motto which should be emblazoned on the escutcheon of every Christian home.

Like all the other virtues concord must go back for its origin and its life to God Himself, the author and finisher of all goodness. He exemplifies the unity which the unity which existed between Him and His divine Son—the unity that men should strive to have with one another. Our divine Lord said continually "the Father and I are one," and in His far-reaching words to His disciples He prayed that unity and good will always prevail among them and said, "Be ye one as the Father and I are one."

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But how different life is from what God would have it! Concord is almost a stranger to the world. The peace of society is disturbed, and for long periods destroyed by the disagreements that men permit to arise among them through too stubborn a clinging to individual opinions, and too tenacious a hold upon their supposed individual rights. There is no peace where discord reigns and many is the pang of suffering and misery meanwhile until cooler judgment returns and wisdom shows the folly of opposing one and another and the duty of reunion through mutual concessions.

Concord is absent, too, from many a home. The home, which should be ever the abode of sanctity, of peace and good will, is in a large number of cases just the opposite because its members refuse to live agreeably and kindly one with another. Each one is stubborn in his or her own opinion, and there is no union of aim or agreement of endeavor, and that family in time sees its members go each one their

way, wanting the sympathy that brotherly and sisterly love gives and lacking the strength which union gives to buffet the wild waves of the world.

How apt to all, both society and the individual, are the words of St. Paul, "Let us follow," he says, "after the things that are of peace, and keep the things that are of edification one towards another." And again he speak and says, "God is not the God of dissension, but of peace." But that this concord prevail each one should do his part. We can all be factors in promoting peace and good will among men, by having our minds and hearts united first with God through a sincere love of Him and keeping His commandments, and then it will be easy to be united one with another.

There is surely something wanting in one's love of God if one persist in a constant dissension with his neighbor, especially when such a one is not a neighbor in the ordinary sense of the word, but of his own household—of his own family. And yet in how many homes is this the case and in how many families which call themselves Christian. How unworthy the name where the spirit of Christ's teaching is outraged by those who claim His name and promise themselves a share in His glory.

"Blessed are the peace makers," says our divine Lord, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Here is work for us, and here the road toward. Hence the rulers of society should give ear to the divine wish and do everything in their power to preserve concord, peace and good will among men. If men would only take God into their councils, how easy it would be to settle all differences. But, alas, many men who have to settle disputes and discord have no belief in God and are as blind leading the blind. They settle, or try to settle differences in the scales of human selfishness and according to the false weights and measures of sordid and cruel gain.

How much should each member of a family strive for union and peace by remembering that God has made them one, and that as one they should remain. Let us Catholics do our part in spreading peace and concord by living in love with one another, and in living to our fellowmen wherever we go, and this will be easy for us to do, as long as we keep our hearts united to God, for, one with Him, we shall be one with one another—one with all men.—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

A LONDON PAPER ON CATHOLIC SUBJECTS.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. PART I. POWER IN THE MIDDLE AGES. GREGORY THE GREAT'S TEMPORAL POWER.

Sacred Heart Review. We find our esteemed contemporary, the London Saturday Review (Protestant), rebuking the modern admirers of St. Francis of Assisi, who love the saint because he was picturesque—and because it is the fashion—but who have little conception of the spirit which prompted him to a life of self-denial. The Saturday Review is reviewing a book, "Franciscan Legends in Italian Art," by Emma Gurney Salter, and when Miss Salter says that St. Francis' emanation resulted from incessant toil and frequent illnesses, our London contemporary says:

"She should have added that cruel, voluntary austerities accounted for much of the emaciation, and perhaps for all the illnesses. Physical mortification is repellent to the modern mind; the modern Franciscan cannot bear to think that his idol could have resorted to such degrading practices. But the fact is that St. Francis was an ascetic, like any other saint, and we do not advance in our knowledge of him by shirking the unpleasant subject."

Some more remarks of interest to Catholics we find in the same issue of the Saturday Review. There are people who assert that the great prominence and power of the Pope in the Middle Ages were attained by fraud or violence. The Review says:

"Gregory I. marks, perhaps, the precise moment when the church supplanted the empire, and the Pope succeeded Caesar. There was no unscrupulous and forcible encroachment, no violent rupture; but the care of a political and social ideal in the West passed away forever from the hands of a Byzantine over-king. It was a bloodless and pacific revolution. It was no usurpation, but a heavy responsibility thrust upon the shoulders of the only competent and honest agent."

And again, speaking of the temporal power which Gregory the Great wielded, the Saturday Review says that while to some it was the accursed tyranny of priests, "to the Roman or Italian, to the peasant or artisan of the opening seventh century to the political philosopher of any epoch, if only he is honest, it was the sole hope for the reconstruction of the Western world."

THE POPE'S PHYSICIAN.

CHARGED WITH THE INVESTIGATION OF MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

Dr. Laponi, the Pope's medical attendant, has been charged by Pius X. with the scientific investigation of the miracles of Lourdes, the celebrated French shrine.

Some time ago Pius X. told Dr. Boissarie, who is chief of the medical board establishment at Lourdes, to study the alleged cures, to report personally to him, and this report the Pope has now turned over to Dr. Laponi for scientific study.

The Vatican authorities think that the matter of pronouncing an opinion as to the supernaturalness of the Lourdes cases is left too much in the hands of the physicians, and that it is desirable that the Bishop of the diocese of Tarbes should appoint an ecclesiastical commission to look into every case and report to Rome. Dr. Laponi was instructed to write to the French physician in this sense, and has just done so in accordance with the Pope's wishes.

FACE TO FACE.

LOOK INTO YOUR SOUL AND FIND YOUR GOD.

A poem has been published recently which tells us that, if we want to be absolutely alone and buried in a solitude within ourselves, the best means we can take is not to seek uninhabited hermitages, nor to build for ourselves a cell in the depths of a wilderness, but to stand on a street in New York while thousands of human beings flow past us, like an inexhaustible stream. There we are fully alone; alone, because the myriads about us make our small self shrink into its insignificance as a place of hiding; alone, because the interests of that host are not our interests, nor are we, with all we love and cling to, and hope for, of the slightest concern to them. Isn't there a deal of truth in it? But let us see whether the spectacle has not some little loftier teaching for us than melancholy and humiliation. If in these thronged highways we can come face to face with ourselves, why can't we come face to face with God?

If we close our ears to the noises, and veil our eyes from the sights of the city and go down into our own souls to look for what is hidden there, the heart which is the casket holding the jewel of our life—suppose we try, when next we feel our loneliness, to search in our heart for God; to look about in the quiet world—and a big world it is—within ourselves, till we find ourselves gazing into a beautiful and blessed Face that we know is the countenance of God. No matter how carefully he either; for God does inhabit truly the sanctuary of a just soul. Why, if not to be seen, and having been seen, to be loved? Oh! then, let the surges of the great multitude dash drearily against us; then let the noises of the peopled streets be as mournful as a message of omnifidleness as they will, the soul is resting in a peace too deep to be distressed, in the midst of men it has found God; and through the tumult has come peace—mystical, untrifling, tender, consoling. This is what the word "alone" meant for the saints. You, reader, are called also to be a saint.—St. Paul's Calendar.

THE OPEN DOOR NEGLECTED.

THAT IS, THE DOOR OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, ON OTHER DAYS THAN SUNDAY AND THOSE OF OBLIGATION.

The magazine, the press and the public platform have spoken much on the subject of the "open door." But \* \* \* the open door to which we would attract attention is not the one which has given rise to so much discussion. It is rather the open door neglected, that is, the door of the Catholic church on other days than Sunday and those of obligation.

Throughout the world the custom obtains of keeping the Catholic church open from early morning until after nightfall every day of the year. Although of late years there are some imitators of the custom among certain of the sects, still it is peculiarly Catholic and of Catholic origin. It is a great privilege accorded the faithful, having its foundation in the fact that the church is the temple of God, and in its tabernacle dwells the Living God Himself. To every Catholic His presence there is an unswerving belief, a positive fact. Not in the language of men, but in the voice of faith He speaks to all: "Come ye, who are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you."

How few, unfortunately, heed the invitation, save when failing to do so means the penalty of a grievous sin. How comparatively few avail themselves of the great privilege of visiting our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ thus present in the tabernacle of our churches! How many have presented them the opportunity not once, but several times during the day for such visits, but spurn the open door in passing! How strange that Jesus Christ should plead, and promise refreshment to the gardeners of men and so few presenting themselves for the divine exercise of His omnipotent love!

The open door and the empty church, save on Sundays and holy days of obligation, speak a powerful rebuke. Occasions of duty do not show forth the power of love so beautifully nor so forcefully as do those where duty does not impel. There is no voluntary virtue in the act which compulsion exacts. He who measures his worship to God by the rule of duty alone may be planning for himself the longest possible term in Purgatory.

Let us hearken, then, to the pleadings of the Living Jesus in our tabernacle. Let us seek Him there frequently and lay our burden at His Feet. Let us never pass the open door without entering and paying a brief visit to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.—Church Progress.

What Made Him A Catholic.

"What made a Catholic of me," said Sir Stephen de Vere, brother of the poet, "was my knowledge, my intimate knowledge, of the innocence of the morals of young men of the past. I went among them; I was at their hurlings, at their sports. I heard them, I listened to them. I knew them. I compared them to the young men of my own class. I said: 'What can make the difference? It cannot be education, for they had little or none. It cannot be society, they know nothing of etiquette of society. It cannot be travel; it must be only one thing—their religion; and I will be one of the religion that makes them so innocent and pure.'"

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